

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPT. 13, 1897.

THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and warmer weather.

ARE THEY GAGGED BY POLITICS?

Honor to the Sheriff of Luzerne County!—New York Sun.

This is the comment upon the Hazleton massacre of the newspaper in New York which, being the latest convert to Republicanism, is most zealous of that party. The Tribune, edited by a gentleman whom the Republican party made its candidate for Vice-President and who recently by appointment of a Republican President represented the people of the United States at the Victorian jubilee, has nothing to say editorially of the shooting down of the workmen at Hazleton. The killing of twenty-one miners and the wounding of forty-two others inspires in the editorial mind of the always "regular" Republican Press only the thought that the Sheriff, "being probably professional in politics and amateur in police work, has performed it [his duty] in a bungling and bloody way." The Times, which if not a Republican is reliably anti-Democratic, has no opinion. So, too, the Herald; while the World, despite much professed devotion to the rights and liberties of the humbler classes, confines its indignation to its news columns.

The heart of a humane man is sorely touched by the thought of the agony caused by this frightful massacre. Workingmen, many of whom leave loving and dependent relatives behind them. To the mind of the sincere or the conclusion from the facts as thus far published is irresistibly that the Sheriff acted brutally and that his followers were wanton and murderous in their use of their rifles against an unarmed and feeble mob. Yet the whole anti-Democratic press of New York City is either silent or apologetic in its comments upon the crime.

Is it possible, in view of the pending election, that the Sheriff of Luzerne County is a Republican has anything to do with this curious unanimity of policy?

Government by the minority in this city has resulted in ten thousand vacant stores. The enlarged Democracy of the Greater New York will elect a Mayor pledged to progress, economy and the abolition of village policies in the affairs of the metropolis.

THE WOMEN PAY THE TAXES.

What is this revolutionary admission which Mr. Dingley has made to the world through the columns of the Journal? Is it the American women who after all pay the tariff taxes, notwithstanding the doctrine assiduously preached by Republican statesmen for decades that the foreigner pays the tax? Mr. Dingley is explicit enough. "Why," he inquires, "should women who are able to go abroad have the privilege of buying \$100 worth of goods, and landing them free of duty, while those who remain at home, if they want the same things, pay the duty to the shopkeeper in the shape of high prices?" And continuing, he made even more specific his abandonment of protection's most time-honored and most specious argument, by deprecating the system under which "a poor sewing woman" buying at home goods which more fortunate shoppers have purchased abroad "pays her duty to the government uncompromisingly."

Wholesale statesmanship has progressed in the direction of sincerity at least. Mr. Dingley is a more extreme protectionist than was Mr. Blaine, and quite a match for President McKinley, but, unlike these gentlemen, he admits that the women of the United States who go shopping pay the tariff taxes of the government.

In 1892 the combined Democratic plurality in New York and Brooklyn was 101,605. The Greater New York is overwhelmingly Democratic. It is an American doctrine that the majority should rule. The next Mayor must be a Democrat.

MILITARY BLUNDER.

What is the best answer the authorities superior to the Sheriff responsible for the massacre have thus far been the bitter complaints of the relatives and friends of the murdered and the injured?

Governor Hastings has filled the little town with military, no less than 2,500 of the State troops being there under arms. The first action of the military authorities was to prevent the serving upon the Sheriff and his men of warrants sworn out lawfully for their arrest upon the charge of homicide.

It should occur to Governor Hastings that to expedite rather than to impede the prompt submission of the question of the legality of the Sheriff's action to the regular courts of justice is the way to re-establish peace and to inoculate in the minds of the citizens respect for the law. The rule of justice, rather than of force, is needed at Hazleton.

Seth Low says truly that the word "reform" has been ruined by its associations. The associations with reform in the minds of New Yorkers afford another reason why the first Mayor of Greater New York will be a Democrat.

THE SPANISH NAVY.

About a dozen years ago, when we were beginning the reconstruction of our navy, Spain undertook a similar enterprise. The old Spanish fleet was as worthless as ours, so that both countries began the work of renewal on substantially even terms. We had one marked advantage, however. We had an enormous annual surplus, which we did not know what to do with, so that the only limit to the number of ships we could acquire was the amount of money that Congress was willing to spend. In the case of Spain, every new vessel represented the bloody sweat wrung from an almost bankrupt treasury. At one time the sale of the national forests was authorized, to raise money for carrying out the naval programme. Later ships were built from the proceeds of onerous loans. But we adopted the rule of constructing our entire new fleet at home, of native materials, which necessitated slower work at the start than in the case of Spain, which had the shipyards of England and the continent to draw upon.

The Spaniards now have one first-class battle ship finished and another completing, against our four in service and five under way. They also have two ancient second-class battle ships, respectively thirty-four and thirty-two years old, which are undergoing reconstruction this year. If this process be well carried out these vessels may become fit to make some sort of showing against our Maine and Texas. Thus in battle ships, which form the backbone of a navy, Spain's strength is not seriously to be compared with ours. The best part of her fleet is her armored cruisers, of which she has nine or over 6,000 tons each, built or building. On a pinch, at least five of these could probably be put into service against us within the next few months. Of similar types we have only the New York and Brooklyn. The Spanish armored

cruisers would be very effective as commerce destroyers if we had any commerce to destroy. They would hardly venture to go in line of battle against vessels like the Indiana, the Massachusetts or the Iowa.

Of protective cruisers of the first and second classes, Spain's supply is markedly inferior to ours. She has five modern vessels of that type of over 3,000 tons and sixteen knots speed against our Columbia, Minneapolis, Olympia, Philadelphia, Chicago, Newark, San Francisco, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Charleston, Atlanta and Boston. In smaller cruisers, gunboats and coast defence vessels, Spain is equally deficient. She is slightly ahead of us, however, in the number of torpedo boats, of which she has thirty-three built or building, against our twenty-six. On the other hand most of our boats are of newer and more powerful types, and our flotilla on the whole would probably be found more than a match for hers, leaving the character of the crews out of account.

These data will have much weight, or ought to have if wisdom prevails in the Spanish Government, in determining the character of the response to Minister Woodford's representations.

The Greater New York needs a clean, common sense government in harmony with the ideas of its giant population. The next Mayor should be a Democrat.

CUBA'S HARDEST STRIKE FOR LIBERTY.

The taking of the town of Victoria de las Tunas by the Cuban insurgents is the beginning of the end. General Calixto Garcia celebrated his elevation to the chieftainship of the rebel army by the most effective blow that has been struck during the present war for independence. This was no guerilla fight, doubtful in issue and barren of result. He laid siege to a fortified town, destroyed the forts and over their ruins charged to victory. After this even Weyler cannot persist in his hopeful lie that the rebels are scattered, desperate, half-armed fugitives. General Garcia's artillery was enough to silence the guns that defended Tunas. The arms and munitions of war he captured will equip a new corps. The work of freeing Cuba should now progress by bounds. Spain has not a general in Cuba equal to Garcia in military skill. He has begun the campaign by assuming the aggressive, and the next big news from Cuba will be the fall of one of the important seaports. The rebels have almost ceased to hope for recognition of belligerency from the United States, but they have compelled one from Spain. When Spain accepted the prisoners taken at Tunas in return for captured insurgents even her technical denial of a state of war was abandoned.

The Spanish generals are blaming Weyler, the Spanish press is protesting against the sacrifices of more of the sons of Spain, the Minister of War refuses to send more troops to Cuba. General Garcia's blow has struck home. Cuba's independence is in sight.

New Yorkers are capable of self-government and reject the domination either of a social class or non-resident politicians. Government by the Democracy is self-government.

MARK HANNA UNBOSOMS HIMSELF.

Senator Hanna burgeoned out into oratory at Burton, Ohio, on Saturday. He made the speech of his life. It sparkled with humor and bristled with facts and argument. We reproduce these gems for the edification of careless readers who may have glanced lightly through the reports of this political masterpiece:

When I protested against making any speeches in this campaign our chairman declared: "You'll do good, Hanna, if you will only get up and show yourself."

I want to tell this audience that not all the Democratic papers in this country can tear us apart or make a breach between J. B. Foraker and myself.

"Honest men," says the learned Pilpay, "esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is, as it were, another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts; who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; and to this that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us."

At the pending Fall elections the voters of the territory embraced in Greater New York will select sixty-one members of the Assembly. These members are distributed thus among the counties which are to be welded into the new city:

New York	35
Kings	21
Queens	3
Richmond	1
Westchester (borough of the Bronx)	1
Total	61

To-day thirty-one, a scant majority of these Assemblymen, are Republicans sharing with their party responsibility for the Raines law, and for the persistent invasion of the right of self-government in New York City by plotting politicians from up the State.

It goes without saying that every Democrat nominated for the Assembly in a city district this Fall will stand pledged to labor for the repeal or the material amendment of Senator Raines's piece of Puritanical legislation. To mend or end that law is part of the task which Democracy has set itself, while to wrest from the rural Republicans control of the essentials of our municipal government is the ultimate goal to which Democratic efforts are directed.

Republican aspirants for the Assembly will, however, be handicapped by the inevitable approval of the Raines law and Governor Black's administration in the Republican city platform. Though their immediate constituents may condemn both issues, Mr. Platt, an up-State politician himself, will insist on both. It will be proper and wise for city voters who through motives of party loyalty intend to vote the Republican ticket to discover whether their candidates for the Assembly really approve the Raines law and government of the city from Albany, or are ready to put the rights and interests of the city first and the Platt rule second.

Doubtless some Republicans will be elected to the Assembly, but it might be possible for the voters to encourage the development of a school of home rule Republicans. As for the Democratic nominees, they will be safe on both issues. From the borough of the Bronx to Jamaica Bay there won't be a Democrat unpledged to destroy the Raines law and to rid New York of an alien despotism.

The later returns show that General Longstreet's bride is thirty-five years old instead of twenty-three. This removes some of the novelty, but detracts none from the bravery of the groom.

The hardest work in connection with the late convention of the Ohio gold Democrats falls to the chap whose duty it is to attempt to explain why that was the eighty-eight counties of that State sent less than forty delegates to the gathering.

There can be no discount on the versatility of the Southern people. Right on the heels of the recent lynching carnival comes the announcement of the admission of a Memphis colored girl to the private law.

Heid Buy Hamburg One Day with for a Hunter. My Dear Nephew.

UNDOUBTEDLY the funniest thing that has happened among the racing chaps this season occurred last Saturday afternoon at the Sheephead Bay race track.

After the mighty Hamburg had won the Great Eastern Stakes, we all trotted down into the paddock to have a closer look at this wonderful horse.

While we were standing around the colt and trying to appear decently horsey, don't-cher-know, somebody suddenly exclaimed: "By Jove! but if Hamburg had carried any such load as that fellow has he wouldn't have been one, two, ten!"

We looked in the direction indicated by the speaker, and discovered a chappie well known in the Westbury set. He was in the hopeless clutch of a fish-eyed jag. He stared vacantly and his tongue had grown so thick that it protruded partially from his mouth, while a drooling froth did not help his already indistinct articulation.

Still he was interested in the cooling out of Hamburg and seemed to have some misty idea of buying the horse.

"Grand hunter," he exclaimed, as he latched up against a stable boy. "Buy him for hunter. How much's worth (he) wonder. Guess too valuable for hunter. Bet (he) could jump over house. Guess I'll (he) buy him for hunter!"

Then he staggered over to the horse and tried to take a hand in rubbing him down, but the alert and jealous groom put him out of the way quickly and with little ceremony. After that he started out to find Hamburg's owner, seemingly still intent upon buying the world's greatest two-year-old for a hunter.

The first speaker was quite right. Hamburg or any other horse that ever lived would have failed under the "load" that weighed down the chappie from Westbury.

The last I saw of him he was still stumbling about the paddock in a wild search for Hamburg's owner, and still mumbering to himself that he could lead the Meadowbrook Hunt if he could only ride Hamburg to hounds.

The conjunction of a red-hot day and an overwrought jag makes anything possible in the way of madness, but nothing could possibly be madder than this odd notion that found its way into the rum-soaked brain of the Meadowbrook man.

Now is this the only recent instance in which this particular young man has publicly made an ass of himself. He has become such a sot that he is at all times a nuisance, and to no one more so than to his handsome and dashing wife.

If his friends don't look after this chappie, I am afraid that he will soon be dancing in pursuit of blue monkeys and pink parrots instead of imagining that he can buy Hamburg for his hunting stable.

Mrs. Ogden Goetel is safely at Newport with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Wilson.

It is expected in Newport that the Mayflower, the splendid Goetel yacht, will arrive there to-day with the body of the dead millionaire aboard.

Mrs. Potter Palmer says that there is not the slightest truth in the rumor that she is negotiating for the purchase of Marble House, Mrs. Oliver Belmont's grand place at Newport.

Mrs. Palmer seems to regard the rumor in the light of a joke, although I can't see just why she should.

She is tremendously ambitious socially, and there is no place anywhere that could better serve her purpose of forging to the front than the great marble pile that Willie K. Vanderbilt had constructed to please the lady to whom he subsequently gave the palace in settling their matrimonial differences.

Of one thing I am very certain, and that is that if Mrs. Potter Palmer can get Marble House at anything like her own figures she won't hesitate to buy it.

The coldness that exists between Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and his brother-in-law, Harry Payne Whitney, is not of the latter's seeking.

Whitney would prefer very much to be on friendly terms, and has even made overtures to that end, but "Neely" is stiff-necked, and thus far has failed to make any appreciable response.

A decided chill came over Newport yesterday. Only a day or two ago it was sweltering in the remarkable and unusual heat. Last night saw blazing wood fires lighted in all the cottages.

This caused an exodus for New York that left Mrs. Burke Roche and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish as the principal entertainers of the day.

The Ocean House will close to-day, and Newport will put off its Summer garb and go into that delicious Autumn quiet, which makes it so delightful to certain of the cottagers through September and October.

It comes to me from London that Mrs. Samuel Colgate, one of New York's prettiest and richest widows, recently had a very narrow escape from being burned to death.

She was with a large party at Goodwood when some one threw a lighted cigar on the ground near her.

This set fire to her gown, a flimsy affair, and she was enveloped in flames before any one was aware of her danger.

Several persons rushed to her aid and smothered the flames with horse blankets, but not until she was severely burned about the limbs.

All of which teaches the wisdom of keeping a lighted cigar as far as possible from a pretty widow in an inflammable gown.

Laremont hit it up lively at the club-house dance Thursday night. The unanimous verdict of those that were there is that the hit was stretched.

Laremont isn't as aristocratic as some other players—Newport, for instance—but it is very much warmer.

Of all the new social institutions in the metropolitan district, none has made quicker or greater progress than the Knollwood Country Club.

It gave an informal dance Saturday, when the Knollwoods, who are justly proud of themselves, showed that they can do the two-step quite as well as they can cover the golf links.

—CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Greater Constantinople.

[Washington Post.]

The Sultan's effort to annex Thessaly might strike some sympathetic chords in this country if he could in any way pretend that it was part of a scheme for a Greater Constantinople.

Shows Nerve.

[Washington Post.]

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

Mr. Wanzelner shows some nerve in that he doesn't wait until the Administration reaches the going-down-hill stage before administering his kick.

until the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

I confess that I was brute enough to enjoy the spanking. It sounded like beating a wet towel with a board, but was not very painful, I reckon. At the end of an hour the rivulets joined the pool at the base of the steps.

"Come here," said my nephew's mother, escorting him into the house by the back of the neck. "You're a pretty sight, I must say!"

"I wasn't doing nothing, mamma, only eating my pie," he whined.

The Genesis of Seth Low's Boom.

AS nearly every well-informed Brooklynite of the older generation knows, Seth Low's career began about the time that he left off knickerbockers; and at that period everybody more than fifteen years old wore long trousers. The origin of the "boom" which the president of Columbia College is enjoying just now may be traced directly back to "Mike's Lot," and this is the way of it:

Just one-third of a century ago a vacant piece of land on Brooklyn Heights, extending between Remsen and Montague streets, from the edge of the bluff to within 100 feet or so of Hicks street, served as a playground for the sons of the wealthy Brooklynites who lived in that vicinity. It may be remarked in this connection that at that time there were probably more millionaires to be found in that section of Brooklyn Heights than in any neighborhood of similar size in any quarter of the globe. And whatever may be said of Brooklyn, it cannot be denied that it retains many of its old-time characteristics.

This vacant bit of land was known as "Mike's Lot," because an Irishman bearing that familiar Celtic name had formerly lived there, but at the time of which I write he had gone to his final reward and ceased to be the terror of the small boys who swarmed in countless numbers into the territory in which he had once ruled supreme. It was a great bare expanse of field, and its soil was trodden daily by hundreds of boys who repaired to it after school hours and all day long on Saturdays to play baseball, spit balls, fly kites or indulge in whatever sport happened to be then in season. Pierpont Park, with its green grass, forest trees and carefully padlocked iron gate, was not far off, but nobody ever thought of playing there, not even the Pierpont boys, whose fathers owned it and maintained it as a sort of relief for his eyes directly in front of his own big house.

There were scores of boys who found in "Mike's Lot" a convenient playground, and among them there were two, at least, who maintained a leadership among their fellows. One of these was Archie Brasher, who was Captain of the Brooklyn Heights Cadets, and the prime mover in every kind of boyish fun. He had plenty of pocket money, and spent it liberally, even going to the extent of providing a Christmas tree with a present on it for every one of his schoolmates.

Second to Archie in influence and popularity was Seth Low, the son of A. A. Low, whose ships ploughed the distant seas and brought back cargoes of tea, and spices, and manila hemp to be warehoused in the great stores that lined the river front directly under the windows of the Law mansion. That was before the days of submarine cables and steam freight vessels, and the whole China and East India trade was invested with a romance that is now but a memory of bygone days.

Seth is remembered by those who played with him at this time as a quiet, well-behaved and manly lad, who was not noted for anything in particular, except his pleasant ways and unflinching kindness to the boys smaller than himself. It is doubtful if any one would at that time have selected him from his comrades as a boy likely to win any especial renown in the world.

Brooklyn has not produced very many famous men, and of the many who played with the Low and Brasher boys in those days not more than two or three can be mentioned who have contrived to lift their noses above the surface of commonplace life. Seth Low is, of course, the most distinguished of these, and I think that the second in importance is Mr. Jared Flagg, Jr., who has won undying fame in the metropolitan courts by renting flats to disorderly persons and being arrested therefor. "Jeddy" Flagg, as he was called in boyhood, was at the time of which I write a sweet-faced lad of ten, the son of the Rev. Jared Flagg, who was rector of Grace Church, the most fashionable place of worship in Brooklyn, and one that was largely attended by the mean rich men already referred to. Since then Flagg, another of "the Mike's Lot" crowd, is now known as one of the best and wisest of New York's after-dinner speakers, and Frank Fowler, who is best remembered because he had a pony of his own to ride, is now one of the foremost of our portrait painters. Besides these there were the Newsmiths, the Sheldons, the Blossoms, Sammy Barber, Frank Benson, Christmas, Tom Lean, the son of one of the most generous of rich men, and Billy Reisman, a founding, who had been adopted in infancy by the Barbers, and gravitated naturally into a lower stratum of life as soon as he grew old enough to choose for himself.

Seth Low was nominated for the Mayoralty at a time when the well-to-do young men of Brooklyn, many of whom had been his boyhood playmates, were waking up to the idea that it was their duty to elect themselves in municipal politics. He had been a leader among them in the days of "Mike's Lot," and it was the feeling of friendship and loyalty engendered then that actually placed him in nomination and triumphantly elected him. If he had continued in politics his friends stood ready to support him for any office, no matter how high, that he might aspire to. And his friends, it should be remembered, constituted an element that had come up suddenly and with amazing strength and had made itself a tremendous and greatly feared power in local Brooklyn politics.

It is the same element that has shown such activity in ill-judged times, perhaps, but nevertheless sincere and full of meaning in its efforts to secure for Dr. Low the nomination and then coaxed him to accept it. It is not a large element, but it is a self-confident one, and it is working with a feeling of loyalty that began on the playground of "Mike's Lot" a third of a century ago and has been steadily gaining in strength ever since.

It is an element, however, that is just as likely to upset the Low pan of milk as it is to turn it into fine, thick, yellow cream of political power.

Getting Used to It.
[Detroit Tribune.]

The Administration has finally reached a condition in which it doesn't shy and prance on its hind legs every time anybody inquires for propriety.

A Bold Move.
[Detroit News.]